

DE GUSTIBUS—.

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it *from below*?

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied
—Not too securely—to a guide;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarp and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aght I care!

CHARIVARIA.

GREAT excitement was caused all over England last week by the arrival of some sunshine. It was said to be due to some strong remarks on the subject of the weather in one of our leading halfpenny papers.

The repeated inclemency of the season is responsible for the revival and fresh application of that excellent omnibus story, so popular in June, of the zealous Parsee sun-worshipper who had come over to England for "a bit of a rest" from his habitual devotions. One of the most spirited of our contemporaries has just published it, in the third month of its career, as a consolation for the rains of August, and has very ingeni-



—W.A. Bourne—
1902

"PLEASE, MISTER, ME BROVERS WANTS YER TO PLAY LEAP-FROG WIV' 'EM, 'COS YOU'VE GOT SUCH A LOVELY BACK!"

ously brought it up to date by applying it to a member of the Shah's suite.

The skull of a man 35,000 years old has, I read, been unearthed in Kansas.

The Naval Review was witnessed by the whole of the Lords of the Admiralty. They expressed themselves as delighted with the spectacle, and had no idea we had such a number of ships.

A new system of physical culture has been devised by the Board of Education for school-children. It includes simple drills with broom-sticks. Whether this will lead to a recrudescence of husband-beating time alone will show.

Someone has pointed out that the

average Englishman does not look well in a Panama, as he lacks the requisite devil-may-care attitude. This has led an enterprising Professor of Deportment in the North of London to hang out the following sign:—"Reckless Attitudes Taught."

A common mistake in our newspapers, in describing a motor-car breakdown, is to refer to the professional driver as the "chaffeur." It should of course be "chauffeur." The "chaffeurs" are the bystanders who witness the accident.

The Shah, at the Marlborough House Reception, wore jewels worth £750,000, and was closely guarded by detectives in case he should be stolen.

LA BÉNÉDICTINE.

THE Normandy coast is a pleasant coast,
 For never, I know, could sapphire boast
 A blue more clear than the sea boasts there
 When the winds are hushed and the sky is fair,
 And, tricked like a girl whose smile enhances
 The glow of her eyes, a ripple dances,
 Whispering, murmuring, lulling, cooing,
 Withdrawing awhile and again pursuing,
 And striving still with a laugh to reach
 Over the rocks to the pebbly beach.
 And up and up from the grey old strand,
 Green, fresh, beautiful folds of land,
 Dotted with houses, thatched or slated,
 Coil to the top till their sides are mated
 In a shimmering glory of cornfields spread,
 Like a cover laid on a royal bed,
 With the impudent poppies to speckle and prank them,
 And the green, cool patches of trees to flank them.
 On either hand of the coombes you'll see
 Ramparts of chalk that defy the sea.
 Sheer, since the march of time began,
 Is the cliff, and not to be climbed by man.
 He must hate his life who would strive to win it,
 Though he glowed for the toil with his whole soul in it—
 Climbing warily, straining, gasping,
 His foot in a cleft, and his body rasping,
 His hand on the grip for a flint to hitch to,
 And his bruised knee set in a shallow niche, too,
 He might rise for a hundred feet or so,
 And still have double the height to go.
 And so he might pause on a narrow ledge of it,
 And strain his eyes for the topmost edge of it,
 And rise again to the task that drew him—
 Till the torn hands loosed, and the sheer cliff threw him.

And Fécamp town is a pleasant town :—
 If you come by land, as you first look down
 From the winding road and so catch sight of it,
 You may think it gloomy and make too light of it;
 For there's not much colour and hardly a spark in it
 But its sombre slate-roofs deaden and darken it,
 Making it look like a dead survival
 Of days when it shone without a rival;
 When the trumpet called to it: heights and valleys
 To gather their hosts and man their galleys,
 With their lances flashing, their standards flaunting,
 And their morioned lords all strutting and vaunting
 How, with the fierce bold men that ringed 'em,
 They could shatter a throne or set up a kingdom.
 But Fécamp's changed and it's quiet and old,
 And the blood in its veins runs thin and cold;
 And very sedate and grey—it's there
 That I met my friend—is the old *Place Thiers*.
 A fine old fellow he was and stout,
 Amply bellied and jutting out;
 French in the hands (it's the sort of a trick you'll hate
 If you're British and bluff) that he used to gesticulate;
 French in his eyes and their twinkling shrewdness,
 French in his bow and his lack of rudeness;
 French in his hair, in his smiling lips,
 French, in fact, to his finger tips.
 Not a limb of the fellow was frail or slender,
 And, oh, but his eye was brown and tender,
 Clear as a lake undisturbed by a tiny wave,
 And his skin had been browned by the sun and the
 briny wave.

And, lo, on his waistcoat, jingling-jangling
 With its bundle of seals, a chain hung dangling;

And one of them bore, cut deep in the gem on it,
 The mystical letters D, O and an M on it.
 And I said to myself as he bowed, "What a privilege
 To be bowed to and talked to by him; 'tis a civil edge
 I'll keep on my tongue and talk back with sobriety,
 For I see by his air that he's used to Society."
 Then he shook my hand, and at once he bound me
 In meshes of silk that he threw around me,
 Meshes spun from his mouth and eyes;
 And, trammelled thus, but without surprise,
 I felt unfettered and unimpeded,
 As though they were just the one thing needed
 With their promise of laughter and joy and of fun for me,
 These meshes the cheery old Frenchman spun for me.

It didn't last long, our interview,
 But he told me many things rare and true
 In the old *Place Thiers* on a summer's day
 Before with a bow he slipped away;
 It didn't last long, and that's my sorrow,
 But perhaps—who knows?—we may meet to-morrow,
 And maybe he'll bind me, that stout French spinner,
 As he bound me before, at lunch or at dinner.

"Tis."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

IN *The Virginian* (MACMILLAN) Mr. OWEN WISTER contributes something fresh to the ever-widening stream of books. For such a benefactor there remains share of the blessing reserved for him who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one. It is true there is about the book reminiscence of the work of the man who "was the first that ever burst" on the unplumbed sea of character and adventure in which the early settlers in California disported themselves. But Mr. WISTER is no slavish imitator of BRET HARTE. He goes to the ranche instead of the goldfields, and in the cow-puncher finds a man as savage in outward manner, as tender at heart, as humorous, as reckless as the early Californian, and withal of a higher standard. The scene is pitched in Wyoming, which, thirty years ago, was as wild as Virginia under Georgian rule; a scantier population with equally primitive joys and dangers in the way of living. In his hero, Mr. WISTER portrays one of Nature's noblemen, high-minded, pure-hearted, gentle, brave, and capable. By odd chance my Baronite knows him—him or his twin spirit and brother. He met him on an Atlantic steamer twenty-five years ago, homeward bound to his ranche, having seen and marvelled at the civilisation of England. Tall, handsome, well-dressed, with musical voice and languorous drawl he, once a cow-boy, then an almost millionaire ranche-owner, might have sat for the portrait of *The Virginian*. To complete the similitude, he was devotedly, sublimely, in love with a little school-marm settled in the wilds with mission to teach the cow-boys and any stray children that were around. If this chance acquaintance was not the Virginian, it is well to know the world possessed two such men. The story is breezy with life and colour, love-making, and, upon occasion, straight shooting. After all these centuries, it was left to *The Virginian* to say something new of Queen ELIZABETH. Reading *Kenilworth*, which the school-marm had lent him, he looked up, and with his gentle drawl observed, "Queen ELIZABETH would have played a mighty pow'ful game of poker." The remark throws a flood of light from a quite new direction on the character of ELIZABETH TUDOR.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OPENING FOR LITTLE BILLEES.—"WANTED, YOUNG CHAP for Butchering."—*Advt., Devon and Exeter Gazette.*



Genial Scorchers, "RUM ORID, AIN'T IT? THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND SOME ARTISTS HERE. STARTED TO COME YESTERDAY, BUT" (*solemnly*) "I BROKE MY CHAIN."
Our Artist (*not in the best of humours*). "OH, INDEED! AND HAVE YOU BITTEN ANYBODY SINCE?"



THE GREAT SOCIETY TRUST.

AN influential Syndicate of financiers in New York is about to form a Trust (to be run as a money-making venture) with the purpose of invading English Smart Society. The object of the promoters is to secure all the *entrées* into the Upper Circles for their *clientèle*. They will thus be in a position to dictate their terms to all wealthy social aspirants. The Trust has already secured the services of one Duchess, two Earls, and several Leaders of Society. The promoters, although recognising that they will have to face considerable competition in this line of business, are confident that they will be able to secure a controlling interest in all concerns of the kind on this side of the Atlantic, for their enormous capital will ensure that competitors will find it impossible to remain outside the Combine, and will be forced either to join or go to the wall. There will be a preferential tariff for all American-born citizens, and special terms for Colonial Dames.

The Trust will provide invitations to dinners, dances, At Homes, and country-house parties for their clients, and will also include an Instructionary Department and a Matrimonial Bureau.

The Instructionary Department will be superintended by the daughter of a Marquess, with a competent staff of refined persons of both sexes conversant with the manners of Smart Society. Special attention will be paid to English

accent, intonation of the voice, and male attire.

The Matrimonial Bureau will be run on strict business-like principles, and parents whose daughters secure hus-

artist have been procured to supply ancestors.

Special composition schemes have been arranged. The following is an example:—

Composition Scheme No. 18a.

—The payment of 55 dollars, spot cash, will entitle the client to the following:—To be met during one calendar month at Church Parade on Sunday under the Statue by one of the Trust's Earls, who will accompany the client twice up and down the most crowded part of the parade, talking affably the while; two invitations to dinner to meet a C.B. at least; client's name to be mentioned in a Society column and costume described as "exquisite"; a stall at a charity bazaar; and two smiles per week from the Trust's Duchess in Bond Street or the Park.

N.B.—In case of any incivility on the part of any of the staff, such as "cutting," or "snubbing," complaints should be addressed to the Head Office.

The promoters point out that the Trust will be a boon to the public in general, as it will bring Society into the reach of all—provided they have sufficient capital—who have hitherto been excluded as

lacking the qualification of birth, breeding, culture, or significance.

INCREASED LATITUDE ON THE PART OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—"On the links the signallers of the Dundee City Rifles spent the hours of darkness manipulating the heliograph."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.



WITH IMPUNITY.

Mrs. Britannia (feebly protesting). "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY. I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE YOU A HARD KNOCK."

Young Argentine (with confidence, pointing to member of the Monroe Doctrine Police). "GAR ON! THE COPPER WOULDN'T LET YER!"

[See leader in the *Times* of Wednesday, August 20, on the obstacles put in the way of redress for the murders of Englishmen in the Argentine Republic, in cases where the criminals are men of social or political influence.]

bands through its agency will be charged fees varying from 2,000 dollars for a Duke to 400 for a Baronet; intermediate and other steps *pro rata*. A foreign nobleman 10 dollars.

Coats of arms and pedigrees will be found for the clients, the latter at a fixed rate for each generation. The services of a rising young

THE RECRUIT'S PROGRESS. III.

IN due course I presented my "special" medical certificate at the orderly-room of the corps, and was ushered into the Adjutant's presence. In a way it was worse than I had feared. For, to our mutual confusion, we discovered that we were already acquainted. He had, in fact, been one of my fags at school in the far-off days of the Victorian era.

"What years it is!" said he.

"Centuries," I agreed, and wondered whether he remembered the episode of the razor and the strop. The razor was mine—my first; he used it for cutting bread-and-butter. The strop was also mine: I used it instead of a cane. And now he was my superior officer!

"You're not a bit changed," I remarked nervously, "bar the strop—the moustache, I mean."

"I see," said he, "that you still shave yours. I should have known you anywhere. Of course your—ah—forehead is higher, and you're rather—er—broader. But we'll soon change this last. Want to do a drill to-day?"

Did I want to do a drill—when my whole nature recoiled from the indignity! If he could only have seen inside the forehead of which he talked so glibly! But the memory of our previous relations came to my aid. It would never do to let my former fag get an inkling of the real state of my feelings.

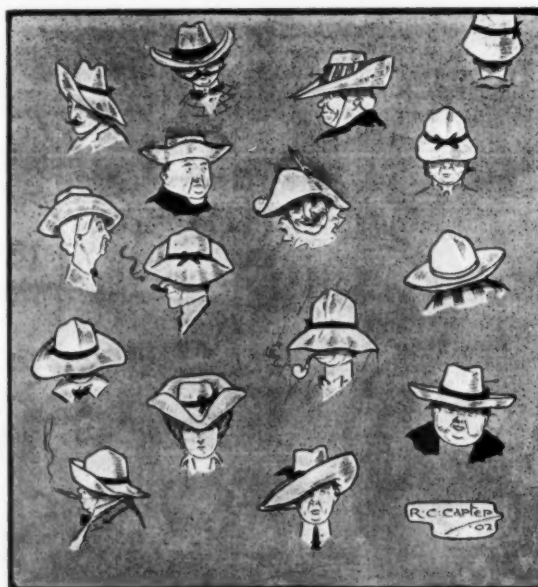
"Thanks so much," I said, with, as I thought, an excellent affectation of cheerfulness. "I should like to. Very much."

"Right," said the Adjutant. "We'll go up to the Drill-hall then. It won't be as bad as you think."

Nor indeed was it. For, having introduced me to a drill sergeant, he had the decency to retire without watching my evolutions, and I didn't so much mind the rest of the world. The sergeant drew me up in front of him, and proceeded to put me through the shuffling gymnasium-bred turnings which are now the vogue. Two or three other recruits dropped in, put on belts and bayonets, and dropped out again, carrying rifles: they were in a sufficiently advanced state to manoeuvre in the open air, *coram publico*.

Then came other men, some of them almost as middle-aged as myself—the veterans of the corps. "Learning signalling," the sergeant told me at my first stand-easy. When they were not engaged in wagging flags and recording their impressions of other flag-waggers in their note-books, they lit cigarettes and watched my performances with critical but kindly eyes.

Frock-coated, top-hatted, eye-glassed, middle-aged, white-spatted and portly-vested, I turned right and left, stood at ease by numbers (there's indignity for you!), saluted, quick-marched up and down and all round my sergeant, turning, wheeling, inclining, chest out and shoulder up, for a good hour, with such brief intervals for rest as my perspiring face and panting bosom wrung from the compassion of my



THE PANAMA.

A most becoming hat. Some ways of wearing it.

instructor. And not one of the signallers smiled—not once—when I was looking. They had been there, I know: they too, were once raw material, and were only seeing me as others had seen them.

After that I put in drills when I could. Sometimes other recruits turned up—on red-letter days enough of them to assist me in the performance of the evolution known as forming fours. The fact that the more youthful address me as "Sir" is a tribute, I think, not so much to my advancing years, as to the ease with which I have mastered the theory as well as the practice of the art in about half the number of drills which a remorseless Government exacts from the unwilling victims of its recruiting-system.

On a piercing evening towards the latter end of July, an apparently harmless individual might have been observed to descend from a

hansom which he had caused to stop some doors short of the house into which he eventually disappeared, carrying a large brown-paper parcel and a mysterious-looking canvas bag. Casting a furtive glance over his shoulder, he cautiously inserted a key into the door of one of the most respectable-looking houses in the street, and quietly let himself in, with difficulty barring the door against the icy blast. Once inside the dimly-lit hall, he listened anxiously for any signs of life, and then stole noiselessly up the narrow stair till he arrived at a door which he opened and shut with the same precautions. Then he drew from the paper parcel a coarse grey suit, made of cloth so thick that when, after hurriedly divesting himself of his outer garments, he turned to assume his disguise, it gave him a momentary shock to find the trousers, which he had carefully unfolded and straightened, standing up by themselves in the middle of the floor. Having with some difficulty fastened the various buttons of his suit by the aid of a button-hook, he placed a small cap, made of the same material, on his head, and proceeded to climb on to a chair, which he placed in such a position that by standing upon it he could command a view of his whole figure reflected in the glass above the chimney-piece. Suddenly—

Suddenly the door opened, and in walked my wife and her sister. I am aware that no one looks his best when he is caught standing on a chair in order to admire himself in a looking-glass—least of all when the clothes that he is surveying are a Melton frock and trousers as provided for the use of the auxiliary forces. But I fail to see why my appearance should have excited the indecent ridicule to which I was subjected by my female relatives. In fact, for the honour of the regiment, I must draw a veil over the ribald remarks, at the expense of my figure and my vanity, which I had to face. I merely mention the episode to show that a Volunteer must expect no honour in his own house. After this it will be comparatively easy to face even the rude *gamin* of our crowded streets when I first have occasion to walk abroad in my brand-new and exceedingly uncomfortable uniform.

THE GERMAN CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE Germans are odd people, as different from other people as they can be. Look, for instance, at their clothes. What other nation would brave the light of day in green hygienic all-wool garments, designed by a doctor, with no cut about them at all? Look, again, at their manners. As a nation they are rude to everyone, and their statesmen make speeches which are simply amazing. But they are not more amazing than the manners of the German custom-house officers.

In most countries these men are very disagreeable. In England, where the policeman, the porter, the stationmaster, the post-office clerk, and other officials are usually good-natured and obliging, the custom-house officer is frequently sour and ill-tempered. He may be tired, but so are the travellers whom he pesters with his attentions. He may be bored, but so are they. The German *Zollbeamte*, still preserving that difference of his countrymen from other people, is a kind, obliging, civil fellow. However much he may be harassed, his manners are charming.

It is really quite pleasant to meet him. His plump, rosy face shows a genial smile, as though to welcome one to his country. His uniform is a neat one. It has, indeed, some green about it, but it was not designed by a doctor. He wears a sword; but I am convinced he would be much too good-natured to use it, even to strike down a *Schmuggler*. He has the kindly manner of a *Familienvater*, and one can easily imagine him at home, dancing his little *GRETCHEN* on his knee, as in any chromolithograph "printed in Bavaria." It would be impossible to associate such simple relaxation with the unfriendly French *douanier*, that haughty *fonctionnaire*, or with the unprepossessing brigands who receive one on the frontiers of Italy or Spain.

The German army officer, especially the lieutenant, has an appearance of insufferable conceit, though there is probably a gentleman, if you knew him, inside that great coat with the preposterous square shoulders a yard wide. The German station-master, in spite of his beautiful red cap, is a kindly fellow-creature at heart, and the policeman, even in Berlin, is polite. But the German custom-house officer is a model to the world. What the Americans think of him, after their own officials, it would be difficult to discover, for it is wiser never to mention a custom-house to people from the land of freedom across the Atlantic.

The other day, going from Paris to Strassburg, I was more than ever surprised by the amiable Germans at the



WITH THE NAKED EYE.

Flashy. "IF I CALL ON YOUR PEOPLE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU THINK THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SEE ME?"

frontier. The train was packed. I arrived at the Gare de l'Est, with what seemed needless haste, half an hour before it started. I strolled up to the ticket inspector, and asked him casually if the train for Strassburg had come up to the platform. "*Mais dépêchez-vous, monsieur*," cried he, "*il y a deux trains, et tous les deux sont bondés*." And so they were. The French, ever cautious, had arrived an hour before the time, and finding two trains ready, had been sitting in them ever since. The second one of the two, in which I was, poured out this immense crowd at the frontier station the next morning.

It was six o'clock, or seven o'clock, according to the time of one country or the other, but at any rate it was horribly early. It was raining heavily, it was gloomy, it was cold. However, it was hot enough in the baggage-room packed with people. They were all out of temper. This partly arose from the fact that each unit of the crowd carried

angular packages with umbrellas and sticks projecting from them. Everyone was banged, and prodded, and trampled on, and had the handle of an umbrella entangled in his collar, or the sharp end of a stick going up his sleeve. The sturdiest passengers, who managed to keep their packages horizontal, were turned round and round like teetotums in the struggling mass. All the women from the third class held cardboard band-boxes of which the remnants strewed the floor. The custom-house officers had already encountered one such crowd. It is true they stood in a space apart, but that space was just a chaos of luggage, hauled in and thrown down amongst them. Yet even amidst this hubbub they were pleasant and polite.

If only the foreign affairs of Germany were managed by her custom-house officers, how much she would be liked by everyone!

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

JOHANNA.

[“Our one morning newspaper (in Johannesburg) is now devoting about a column a day to an eager controversy on the position of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH among the poets, and it threatens to divide the population like the parties of Boer and Briton.”—*The Daily Chronicle's Transvaal Correspondent.*]

I WANDERED ON AN UNKNOWN tract,
A ghostly, disembodied sprite;
Yet I rejoiced—I was, in fact,
A “phantom of delight.”

Not Yarrow's braes entranced my eye,
I noticed no familiar sign;
But rolling tilths untempered by
The lesser celadine.

I saw no pleasant Highland plot,
Nor LUCY tripping o'er the lea,
But in the distance, out of shot,
The springbok bounded free.

I spied the natives, full as beeves,
Prostrate, each Kaffir, by his cot,
Or else they sat beside their sheaves,
Talking in Hottentot.

Within my bosom so serene
Unearthly courage seemed to spring;
I think that I should not have been
Surprised at any thing.

At length I neared a noisy town
Where merchandise was sold and bought,
And marked a maid in russet gown
Immersed in anxious thought.

She had a strange outlandish air
That made my heart almost to melt,
She looked so pensive sitting there
Upon a piece of veld.

Unwont to pass such cases by,
“Dear Girl,” I said, “come tell me
now

What may those wrinkles mean that I
Detect upon your brow?

“Some silent grief your spirit gnaws;
Come, all your childish pain rehearse;
Can indigestion be the cause,
Or have you lost your nurse?

“Nay, do not fear me, pretty lamb,
Or take immediately to flight;
Beneath my ghostly garb I am
A phantom of delight.”

“You ask me what is in my head,
But if to you it's all the same
I will not tell,” JOHANNA said
(JOHANNA was her name).

“But if you have a pain inside,
Larger than you can well endure,
Tell me the symptoms,” I replied,
“I might suggest a cure.

“You give no answer? Say why so.”
She looked at me with furtive eye,
And murmured, “Nay, I do not know.”
This was a shocking lie.

“You hold a journal upside down,
Its page is black with printer's ink;
Does that explain JOHANNA's frown?
Is that the missing link?

“The sky is blue, the earth is gay,
You should be crowing like a lark!”
More times than I would care to say,
I made this same remark.

At length she cried, “It is enough!
Within my head there lurks a clot;
I can't decide if WORDSWORTH'S stuff
Is poetry or not.”

Well might her brain sustain a hitch
In worrying such a problem out;
Poor Girl! it is a point on which
I too have harboured doubt!

O. S.

HINTS TO AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Of the Essence of Drama.—It is not strictly necessary that you should know much about this, but as a rough indication it may be stated that whenever two or more persons stand (or sit) upon a platform and talk, and other persons, whether from motives of ennui, or charity, or malice, or for copyright purposes only, go and listen to them, the law says it is a stage-play. It does not follow that anybody else will.

Of the Divers Sorts of Dramatic Writing.—Owing to the competition nowadays of the variety entertainment you will do well to treat these as practically amalgamated. For example, start Act I. with an entirely farcical and impossible marriage, consequent upon a mistake similar to that of *Mr. Pickwick* about the exact locality of his room; drop into poetry and pathos in Act II. (waltz-music “off” throughout will show that it is poetry and pathos); introduce for the first time in Act III. a melodramatic villain, who endeavours to elope with the heroine (already married as above and preternaturally conscious of it); and wind up Act IV. with a skirt dance and a general display of high spirits, with which the audience, seeing that the conclusion is at hand, will probably sympathise. Another mixture, very popular with serious people, may be manufactured by raising the curtain to a hymn tune upon a number of obviously early Christians, and, after thus edifying your audience, cheering them up again with glimpses of attractive young ladies dressed (to a moderate extent) as pagans, and continually in fits of laughter. The performance of this kind of composition is usually accompanied by earthquakes, thunder and lightning; but the stage carpenter will attend to these.

Of Humour.—Much may be accomplished in this line by giving your characters names that are easily punned upon. Do not forget, however, that even higher flights of wit than you can attain by this means will be surpassed by the simple expedient of withdrawing a chair from behind a gentleman about

to sit down upon it. And this only requires a stage-direction.

Of Dialogue.—Speeches of more than half a page, though useful for clearing up obscurities, are generally deficient in the qualities of repartee. After exclaiming, “Oh, I am slain!” or words to that effect, no character should be given a soliloquy taking more than five minutes in recitation.

Of the Censorship.—This need not be feared unless you are unduly serious. Lady GODIVA, for instance, will be all right for a ball where the dress is left to the fancy, but you must not envelop her in problems.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

[THE GERMAN EMPEROR, who went on board M. MENIER's yacht in Norwegian waters lately, astonished everyone by his knowledge and powers of conversation. Extracts from the log-book of the vessel have just been published. “He ascended to the upper deck, and then engaged us all in a long conversation on a thousand things . . . while we were all standing, for the EMPEROR never sits in the presence of ladies.” The following seems to be M. MENIER's private account of the visit.]

THE KAISER came, the KAISER talked,
The KAISER stood about or walked;
He would not sit upon a chair,
Because we had some ladies there;
He seemed, with all his iron will,
Incapable of keeping still.

He talked about the Balkan States,
Of RHODES's influence on Greats,
Of pictures, photographs, and busts,
The Czar of RUSSIA and the Trusts—
The plays of MARLOWE and of GREENE,
The future of the submarine,
Of women's rights, of motor-fans,
Of bicycles and Hooligans,
Of graduated income tax,
And horizontal parallax.

He talked about the House of Keys;
He made a pun in Siamese;
He said some really striking things
About the early Hittite kings;
Some views on Carthage he advanced;
He showed us how the *Bacchæ* danced,
And from his own translation proved
’Twas beer, not wine, that OMAR loved.

My brain will treasure till it rots
His theory of solar spots;
Nor shall I easily forget
His ode in Turkish to DE WET,
His singing of *The Minstrel Boy*,
His water-colour sketch of Troy,
His knowledge of the tribes of Gaul,
His criticisms on Saint Paul,
His sympathy with Cuba's wrongs,
His passion for Provençal songs;—
All these, and more, I trust I may
Remember to my dying day.

At last he ceased. I saw him go,
Then, worn to death, I went below.
Quel homme! Quel esprit! et quel cœur!
Quel savant! et quel Empereur!

ICHABOD.

WHAT joy serene! To seek once more
The leafy banks of lovely Thames,
Where forms each verdant, velvet shore
A casket worthy of its gems—
Here in the sunlight or the shade
Our craft to paddle, pole or sail,
And listen to the music made
By linnet, lark, and nightingale!
Comes from afar upon the hush
The weir's sad, ceaseless monotone;
At vespers, hark! the thankful thrush,
And—drowning all—a gramophone!

What joy to leave that raucous reach
And, in the deep, cool, gated lock,
Forget the soul-disturbing screech
That science uses, song to mock.
Launch, gondola, punt, skiff, canoe,
A gay flotilla here we make,
Our stream's retainers, tried and true,
Who love her for her own sweet sake.
Glides in an awesome, fearsome craft,
With Hooligans who screech and yell,
And bottle-laden fore and aft,
It is—it is—the *Barking Belle*!

Amid the flowers the house-boat lamps
Soft through the purple darkness glow;
The banjos plunk amid the camps;
MAUD's singing in the bungalow—
And starlight water-lilies gleam
To hear the voice they love so well!
Hush! easy all! adown the stream
We'll drift, nor break the heav'nly
spell.
Who is it through the darkness calls?
"Oo's 'ouseboat's this?" Me lad, it's
mine,
And I'm the Monarch of the 'Alls;
Wyter! Gimme some more cham-
pyne!"

Along the stream the Vandals flock,
The tide is with their jetsam foul,
From reach to reach, from lock to lock
Their songs and shibboleths they howl.
From betting club, from music hall
They swarm and swagger; all ablaze
With rings on hands whose nails appal,
They crowd the once sweet waterways.
Beloved Thames! One seems to hear
A sob among your willows stir,
Estranged from those who hold you dear
By Midas and the Mafficker.

THE IMAGINATION RAILWAY.

By far the most popular means of locomotion to various holiday resorts. The number of passengers conveyed by it at this season of the year should exceed the paltry few which, for example, the Great Northern, Eastern or Western carry. The advantages of this railway are multifold. There is none of the wear and tear attendant on ordinary railway travelling. It is not necessary to arrive half-an-hour before the train goes, to spend the time in a kind of



G. L. STIMP - 40.

PROBABLY.

He. "I HOPE THERE ARE NO BULLS IN HERE. I CAN'T RUN AS FAST AS I USED TO."
She. "I'M TOLD THAT'S THE WORST THING TO DO. I THINK IF YOU STAND AND LOOK AT THEM, IT'S ENOUGH TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

football scrimmage, and, after losing your luggage and your temper, find that the train that you meant to catch goes in about ten sections, of which of course yours is the tenth. No, all you do is to shut your eyes, while comfortably ensconced in your easy chair, and ask for a ticket to—where you will!

No hansom cabs, which destroy all your nerve before you reach the station! No agonising wait in a labyrinth of traffic—with the knowledge that if you don't catch this particular train you lose your connection to Slugwalk-on-the-Marsh, and that Aunt ELDERBERRY, who is the incarnation of punctiliousness, has sent a cart to meet you (ten miles from the house) which if you miss, the probable result will be a new will! Oh, no—no worries of this kind.

And look at the speed of the Imagination Railway, and the luxurious seclusion! No risk of elderly ladies who

will get into a "smoker" in order to glower furiously at your mild cigarette! No risk of the inevitable mother with squalling infants, or "dear mites," who crawl about the carriage and rest small sticky hands of affection upon your new suit! No risk of the stout man who is bundled in at the last moment, and who falls over your feet and breathes like a grampus throughout the journey. Choose your locality: Scotland—Switzerland—Italy. Hey, presto! and you are there, and free of cost. A volume of *Baedeker*, with a novel of WILLIAM BLACK'S or of MARION CRAWFORD'S, will help you on the journey. If you are single, you have only yourself to please. And if you are married, why, then let your wife and family (they might lack the necessary imagination) go to the sea, and for yourself you may still remain in London and take day excursions by the Imagination Railway.



"NATURE-STUDY."

Mike. "Isn't it curious, MUMMY, HOW THE MIDGES KEEP FOLLOWING ME ABOUT IN FRONT EVERYWHERE I GO!"

REGIMENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

["Papers for the examinations in July and December will be supplied to commanding officers by the Director of Military Education in India, but the examination will be held and papers corrected under regimental arrangements, the commanding officer being the approving authority as to whether the officer has passed or not."—*Extract from Official Memorandum concerning elementary education of young officers in India.*]

SCENE—*The Colonel's quarters. Colonel BROWN and Major SMITH seated at a table in their shirt-sleeves, with towels round their heads, correcting Lieutenant JONES's geography paper.*

Colonel. Haven't done this sort of thing since I was at school. Bally tomfoolery, I call it. "Explain the geographical and strategical importance of Dunkirk." Where on earth is Dunkirk?

Major. Somewhere in the Hebrides, isn't it? Sort of idea there's good sea-trout fishing there in the autumn. What does JONES say?

Colonel. He says it's a promontory in Fifeshire, famous on account of WILLIAM WALLACE, and that's all. I should have

said it was in Ireland. There are a good many places with Scotch-sounding names there. I wish we had an atlas.

Major (shrewdly). Well, whatever it is, JONES doesn't say anything about its strategical or geographical importance. His answer isn't geography at all, it's history, so we can't mark him for it.

Colonel. Oh, it's partly geography; he says it's in Fifeshire, and it's geographically important to know where a place is. Anyhow, he knows as much as we do. Give him a couple, poor devil. (*Goes on with paper.*) "Explain the terms equator, pole, latitude, zone." JONES says, "The equator is the middle, and the poles are the ends, of the earth." (*Hesitates.*)

Major (confident). That's all right.

Colonel (doubtful). I don't know; it doesn't sound right somehow. (*Ponders deeply for some minutes, and then, with unconscious but hearty plagiarism,* Oh, damn the Equator! Give him the benefit of the doubt. Half marks, as he hasn't answered the rest.

[*They wrestle with Mr. JONES's paper for another half-hour, and then the*

Colonel throws himself back in his chair and mops his face with his handkerchief, giving a sigh of relief.

Colonel. Well, we've got to the end of that, thank Heaven! I haven't worked so hard for years. Add up the marks, will you?

Major (after long interval). I make it twenty-one.

Colonel (astonished and alarmed). Eh, what? That won't do; he's got to get thirty-six to pass. Can't have any failures, so deuced bad for the regiment. Here, add twenty for handwriting and neatness, then he'll be all right.

Major. Well, you're the approving authority. [*Does so.*]

Colonel (lighting a cigar meditatively). How would it be if we handed this examination business over to the chaplain?

Major. Would he have nous enough to consider handwriting and neatness?

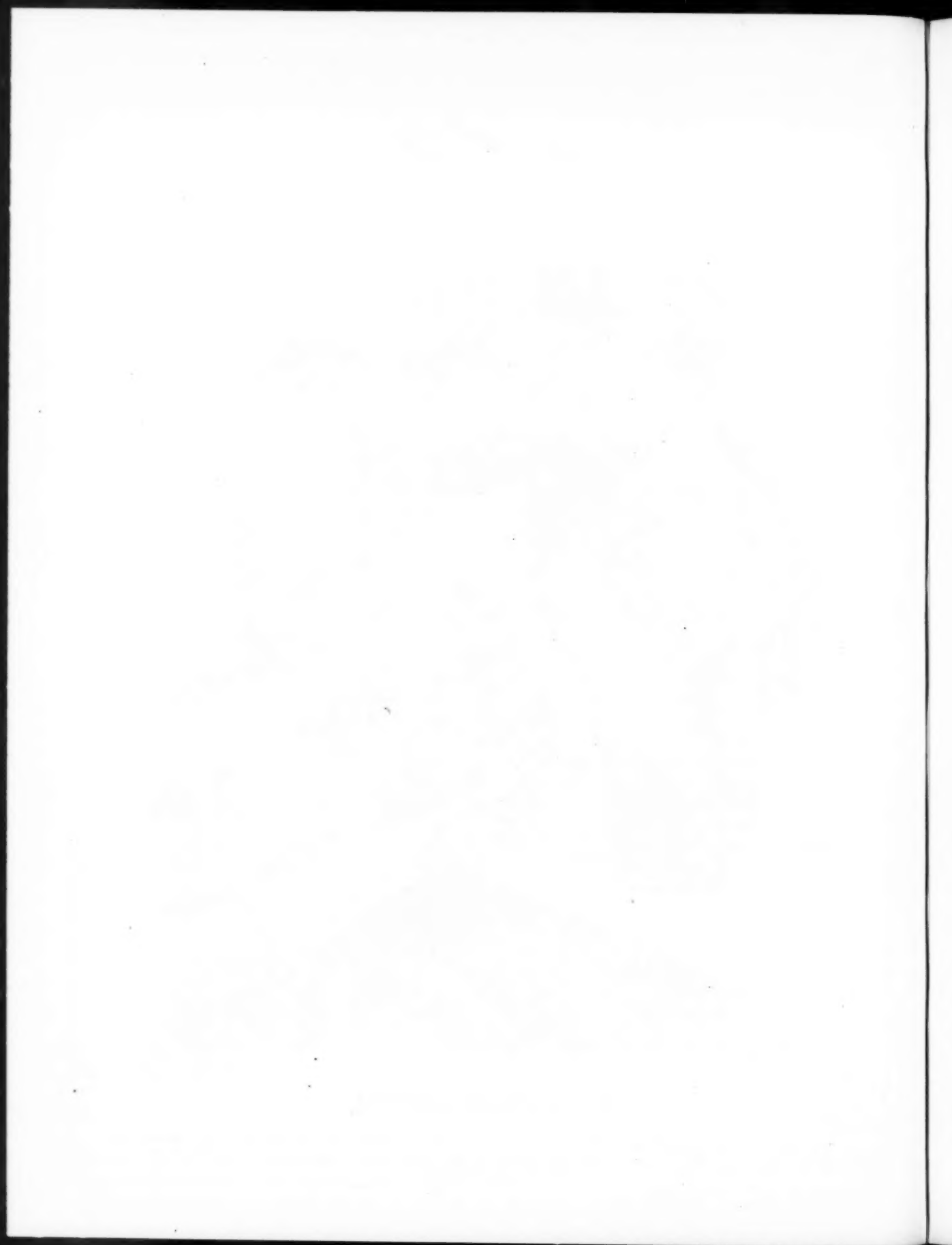
Colonel. I doubt it.

[*Considers the prospect before him with some emphasis.*]



FELLOW-SUBJECTS.

MR. BULL (to Boer Generals on their return from Holland). "WELCOME TO YOUR NEW COUNTRY!
I THINK YOU 'LL FIND THE BEST ENEMIES MAKE THE BEST FRIENDS."



MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

III.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

No one who is merely acquainted with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a political gladiator can form any notion of his quiet personal charm. His bijou residence at Highbury simply radiates sunshine — indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might be safely styled the *Roi soleil* of latter-day Imperialism. On the occasion of our recent visit the famous statesman was hard at work on his new treatise on the Preferential Calculus, but with characteristic *bonhomie* he dismissed his Secretary and plunged into general conversation. Although it was only 11 A.M. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S slim figure was encased in a faultless grey frock-coat, with trousers to match, patent leather boots and congress gaiters completing a singularly engaging *tout ensemble*.

"Sit down, won't you," cheerily cried the great Imperialist in his most flute-like tones, "but mind that stuffed ostrich—it was a present from King LEWANIKA. The Moa in the glass case was given me by SEDDON. Wonderful man, that: he's teaching me Maori. *Te Rangi pangi Rotorua wharé? Ulat tanalarezul*—stop, though, that's Fijian; I get a little mixed in my dialects at times. You see, I'm learning them all—except Maltese."

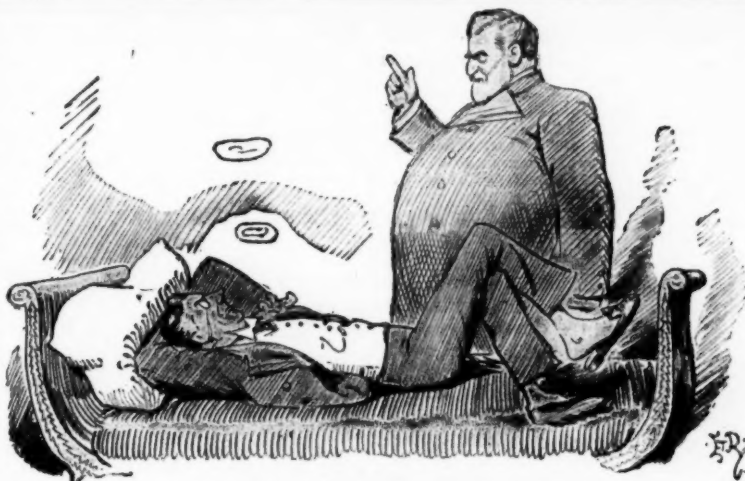


"A singularly engaging *tout ensemble*."

"How do you find time to learn them all?" we queried.

"Ah, you see, I take no exercise. I lead an entirely Seddon-Tory existence now. I am, however, photographed a good deal. You will remember that famous snapshot of me at Blenheim during the peroration of my speech at the great Unionist meeting. And then I read widely. *Great Expectations* was an early favourite of mine. My eldest son is named after Miss AUSTEN, and I know COLLINS' 'Ode on the Passions' almost by heart." Here Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an exquisite falsetto, began to hum,

"Rosabacca, Rosabacca,
Tria jugera cum vaccâ."



"I take no exercise: I lead a Seddon-Tory life."

"Have you other pursuits?" we asked.

"I used to be fond of turning, but I do it less now."

"You are interested in the Drama, too?" we timidly suggested.



"I was once devoted to private theatricals."

"Deeply," responded the illustrious Minister, "though I seldom find time to visit the theatre nowadays. You see, our show at St. Stephen's is always at the same hour. I was once devoted to private theatricals, and even now ROWTON—no mean judge—thinks my imitations of DEVONSHIRE and GORST quite as good as Miss CISSY LOFTUS'S."

"And then you are interested in horticulture, too?"

"Ah, yes. Flowers have always been a perfect inspiration to me. And not merely the rarer, the more recondite plants, but every blooming thing delights me. So different from ARTHUR BALFOUR, to whom the most beautiful shrub is simply a hazard at golf, nothing more."

"Then you have not succumbed to the fascinations of the popular pastime?"

"No, I don't play golf; but ARTHUR BALFOUR has presented me with a long 'spoon.'" At this point we rose.

"Will you have an orchid or a whisky and soda?" were the last kind words of our charming host.



"I am, in fact, quite an authority on weeds."

THE PEERS AND THE PERI.

[“The Lords are in danger of being deprived of their housemaid. She is paid 30s. a week, and has a room assigned to her in the building. . . . A few weeks ago the Peers lost their housemaid. When she went a crisis occurred. The Board of Works sent an emissary to the housemaid's room, and, finding the place unoccupied, seized the furniture. . . . The Peers have got another housemaid, but they do not know where to locate her. . . . They are resolved to furnish the room anew, and to do so at the cost of the Treasury. The LORD CHANCELLOR is acting as leader in this lively conflict.”—*Scotsman*.]

SCENE—House of Lords.

Chorus of Peers.

Why have we been called together?
 Why should we be talking shop,
 When the grouse are on the heather,
 And the guns go pop?
 What's the reason? What's the reason?
 Is it war, or is it treason
 Makes us spoil the salmon season
 And our shooting drop?

First Peer. Lo, here comes he whose wisdom regulates
 The fiery ardour of our long debates.
 Behold his brow, with sorrow clouded o'er—
 Hush, hush! he speaks, the Lord High Chancellor.

L. H. C. A few short weeks ago, or ere
 The coy, seductive grouse made
 This gilded hall a desert bare
 We lost, alas, our house-maid.
 The floor was all unswept, the dust
 My woosack 'gan to smother;
 Our Abigail was gone. I must,
 I felt, procure another.

I set to work, and with a host
 Of registries I flirted,
 And daily in the *Morning Post*
 Advertisements inserted.
 Maids filled the Lobby, row on row,
 Of endless shades and tinges,
 But some looked fast and some looked slow,
 And others sported fringes.

At length a maid of likely mien
 I came on—sober, willing,
 No fringe, no followers, and clean
 As newly-minted shilling.
 I next about her character
 Enquired in all directions,
 And all agreed in painting her
 A bundle of perfections.

My cares were o'er. I smiled a smile—
 But hear the sequel tragic:
 The housemaid's furniture meanwhile
 Had vanished as by magic.
 The Board of Works had stolen chair,
 Bed, towel-horse and table,
 And left our housemaid's room as bare
 As any gee-gee's stable.

Half-Chorus A. Wo! Wo! Are we fallen so low
 That we cannot provide for our Abigail? No!
 Surely by some means or other we're able
 To give her a towel-horse, chair, bed and table.

Half-Chorus B. We've marked with regret how the National
 Debt

Has grown, and is likely to grow bigger yet,
 And we rather suspect that a plot has been laid
 To make us dispense with our excellent maid.

L. H. C.

Alas! Unhappy she!
 Hope deferred hath made her dreary
 As she gazes all a-weary
 Into Paradise, poor Peri,
 Where she may not be.

First Peer. Enough! Our 'scutcheons cannot bear this scar;
 We are resolved to do or die.

All. We are!
First Peer. Whatever risk we run, whatever ill
 May threaten, we will save our maid.

All. We will!
First Peer. Whatever tempests round about us brew,
 We stand beside our Peri still.

All. We do!
 By our shining stars and garters,
 By our coronets and charters,
 We will champion our martyr's
 Injured cause, we swear.
 Government and Opposition,
 We unite in coalition,
 Making it our mighty mission
 To defend the fair.

“For this relief much thanks.”—*Shakspeare*.

BRAVO, S.E. and Chatham Railway Co.! They have gallantly defended the cliff at Dover named after SHAKSPEARE, and as proprietors of this “Poet's Corner” of England, have refused to allow the Admiralty “and all its works” to come within measurable distance of doing it the slightest injury. Railway Boards as a rule know what “a good blowing up” means, and the “S.E. & C. R.” should henceforth and for ever be dealt with in the kindest and most generous spirit for their brave defence of Shakspeare's Cliff against “the gunpowder plot” and deadly dynamite of the Now Defeated Destroyer.

A RONDEAU OF LOVE PLAYED OUT.

CUPID's dead, it seems, to-day!
 Nay, then, CHLOE, now I may,
 Scathless, openly defy you;
 Wonted homage I deny you;
 From your chains I'll break away!

Henceforth I shall wonder why you
 Ever held me captive by you.
 Yes, I now renounce your sway—
 Cupid's dead!

Thus an hour, perhaps, I stray,
 Fancy free; but straight must pay
 For my rashness when I spy you.
 Ah! then mercy I must cry you.
 Out upon the fools who say—
 “Cupid's dead!”

UNDER the heading “TIR,” the *Figaro*, Mercredi, 20 Août, had the following paragraph:—

“RUDYARD KIPLING TIREUR.—M. RUDYARD KIPLING, le poète lauréat, l'auteur de plusieurs œuvres très populaires à Londres, est décidément un homme extraordinaire.”

Then comes the story how KIPLING fired and missed, and how “la seconde balle fut en cible.”

But, hit or miss, what will M. ALFREDO AUSTIN say to RUDYARD being proclaimed abroad as “Poète Lauréat?”

And how will our KIPLING like the description of himself as one whose works are “very popular in London,” as if, out of London, his popularity was only comparative?

ALFRED and RUDYARD may sympathise with one another, and both can write to the *Figaro*, if it so please them.



Shepherd. "MON, SANDY, HE'S GOT NAE FLEE ON THE END O' THE LINE."
Sandy (setto voce). "HAUD YER TONGUE, MON! HE DOES NA KEN, AND HE'S BETTER WITHOUT IT. HE WAS AYE CATCHIN' HISSELF AND IYER TRASH!"

ATHLETES AT BOW STREET.

II.

Mr. H. L. DOHERTY was charged with playing Lawn Tennis to the detriment of Imperial efficiency and Britain's commercial supremacy.

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, in an impassioned speech for the prosecution, said that Mr. DOHERTY had been gifted with a splendid constitution and a fine Irish name, instead of which he had gone about for years patting balls over a net. Not even the publication of Mr. KIPLING's poem of *The Islanders* had induced Mr. DOHERTY to desist from his preposterous pastime, which, though unobjectionable as a recreation for girls' schools or underworked curates, was totally unworthy of the scion of a hundred kings. How could a player of lawn tennis do anything seriously to embarrass Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN or the controllers of the Boot Combine?

DIABLO, who apologised for appearing in court in his padded suit, as he had to perform his engagement of "looping the loops" in the course of the next hour, gave evidence in support of counsel's opening statement. It was impossible to be seriously injured while playing lawn tennis.

Mr. EDDIE GIFFORD, who dives from the roof of the Hippodrome on a bicycle, corroborated. Only such feats, he maintained, can really federate the world.

Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES, amateur champion of racquets and tennis, stated that he did not think Mr. DOHERTY's position was incompatible with the fulfilment of the duties of a good citizen. He (Mr. MILES) had written books on a variety of subjects, ranging from diet to divinity, and he saw no reason why Mr. DOHERTY, if he adopted a vegetarian regimen, should not achieve distinction in the domain of theology without losing any of his sprightliness at the net or his accuracy at the back of the court. But he could do nothing without Brasmon biscuits.

Mr. H. F. LAWFORD, K.C., who appeared for the defence, contended that

Mr. DOHERTY, although as anxious as anyone to fire guns at our enemies and defeat the commercial enterprise of America, was irresistibly impelled to play lawn tennis. This was because he was a twin. The precedent established by the RENSHAWs, the BADDELEYS, and the ALLENS placed this beyond dispute. In fact, it had been seriously proposed to alter the name of the pastime to Lawn Twinnis. He wished further to point out that, frivolous as the game might be held to be, it was at any rate not to be confounded with ping-pong.

The Bench, taking the last-mentioned circumstance into consideration, decided not to pass sentence of death; and the prisoner was instead sentenced to be enrolled in the Rottingdean Rifle Club.

costume. He contended that, having worked so long in oils, he was less susceptible to the influence of salt water than an ordinary subject. In addition to which he had taken the extra precaution of being varnished all over. Finally he indignantly denied that he had any intention of leaving the country. In that case his route would have been not across the Channel, but the Atlantic.

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE, President of the Putney Porpoises, who entered the box with a free trudgeon stroke, also gave evidence in the prisoner's behalf. He said that since LEANDER swam the Hellespont, no more superlative or incomparable feat than that of Mr. HOLBEIN had illumined and enlightened an enervated and debased universe. In their batlike and contemptible efforts to belittle and underrate his transcendent and supernal achievements, the detractors of Mr. HOLBEIN deserved to be included in the ignoble and loathsome category of those who had sought to depreciate DICKENS, hound down VICTOR HUGO, and traduce LANDOR.

Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, another Putney Porpoise, having given evidence to the same effect, the prisoner was



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART.—BY THE SEA.

He left the court in the custody of Mr. KIPLING and Mr. HARMSWORTH.

MONTAGU HOLBEIN, described as an Old Master, and giving an address at the National Gallery, was charged with endeavouring to escape from the country by sea.

The prisoner, who had been picked up in mid-channel and carefully restored, was, to suit his peculiar idiosyncrasy, accommodated with a seat in the well of the court.

Sir EDWARD POYNTER, R.A., who was the chief witness for the prosecution, described the circumstances in which HOLBEIN had disappeared. Salt water, he explained, had a most disastrous effect on the complexion of Old Masters, and he feared that HOLBEIN's value was permanently depreciated.

The prisoner, who elected to be heard in his own defence, now emerged from the well of the court in full aquatic

acquired amid applause.

CAMERA NOTES.

(Continued.)

NEVER attend a wedding or garden party, a picnic, or in general any kind of beakfast, without your more or less faithful camera. Take at least a dozen negatives on each occasion, and as large groups as possible. Say there are sixty persons in each group, every member of which will expect twelve copies. That will make rather more than seven hundred prints, giving you employment for months to come. One gathering alone will thus make you famous—or notorious—throughout the land, and you really need thereafter take no other. Perhaps you will not be allowed. The Continent is full of quondam camerists (no relation to



Tommy (who is spending his holidays inland, instead of at the seaside as usual). "OH, JIMMINY! THIS IS LOTS MORE FUN THAN PADDLING IN THE SEA."

Camorrista) who dare not return home to their aggrieved and sorrowing relatives. If, however, your group-views are successful—and subjects will fly into focus sometimes—I hope I have sufficiently indicated the pleasantly busy future which is in store for you. And you will never need to wash, for you will live in one continued toning-and-fixing bath.

There are various ways of constructing an impromptu dark room, when you are overtaken with a desire to develop your treasured records in the daytime. One method is to get under the bed, having pinned dressing-gowns and other light-tight draperies all round it. You must be careful not to be mistaken for a prospective burglar. A thoughtless maidservant may raise the hangings and the alarm together, and irretrievable damage will be done. Another way is to occupy your wife's wardrobe, having previously removed and inventoried the contents, that is, assuming that you have some wife, that she has a wardrobe, and that the latter has contents (though this is generally denied). Do not enter a strange lady's wardrobe. This is almost invariably resented, and

developments of an embarrassing kind ensue. A third solution of the difficulty is to take refuge in the coal-hole, where this is available. A word of caution must here be offered: be careful not to use pieces of Wallsend under the impression that they are "hypo."

Cameras can be made quite cheaply nowadays. A penny one will be shortly put on the market, but I do not think I am infringing any patent in divulging the secret of its manufacture. First obtain, by one of the three familiar processes, an old cigar-box. Black it over with Day-and-Martin, and bore a large hole in one side. Fit into this the bottom of a soda-water bottle, or the "kick" of any second-hand Veuve Clicquot that you may see lying about. This serves for the lens, and will give astonishing definition. For the cap and shutter combined you may use the stopper of a pickle-jar, as this has a quite effective spring. I leave it to your ingenuity to devise how it should be fixed. Do not complicate your machine with intricate contrivances for regulating speed and focus. Go in for broad artistic effects. A slit or two at

the back of the box will be required for the insertion of plates, and there you are. Excellent photos of a London fog or the inside of the Tuppenny Tube (when the lights go out) are guaranteed by this handy and inexpensive little instrument.

That ingenious military invention, the hyposcope, whereby the rifleman can aim over an obstacle and behind cover, has lately been adapted to photographic purposes. The snap-shotter may now disregard the largest *matinée* hat and secure successful views of any passing procession, or he may bag an elusive foreign potentate from behind a brick wall without fear of detection. In fact, with such facilities for unobtrusive and invisible camera-craft, it will soon be considered the height of rudeness and vulgarity to be seen carrying a Kodak. Every well-regulated sun-artist must provide himself with a telephotohyposcope and retire over the nearest skyline when he contemplates taking a picture, say, of a bathing-scene or a lovers' interview, or, in short, any personal incident whatever. The new appliance has quite revolutionised photographic etiquette.

THE NEW TERROR.

I AM the widow of a country squire, and have lived in peace and comfort with the whole neighbourhood for over forty years. But within the last twenty-four hours a frightful change has taken place, and I feel as though I were surrounded by raving lunatics, Gunpowder Plots, or a French Revolution.

It began yesterday morning when I was out driving in a quiet lane. My coachman suddenly reined the horses back on their haunches, leaped from his seat on to the road, and began waving his hat like a madman. I was speechless with horror, and was trying to nerve myself to jump from the carriage and totter home when JOHN climbed quietly back to his seat and gathered up the reins. But before starting the horses he turned to the footman and said with a gloating smile that sent a chill down my back, "It was the red Devil, with his long hairy yellow legs! I've got him *now*!"

In the evening I strolled in the park to refresh my nerves after the shock of the morning. On the muddy brink of the pond, splashing her hands in the weedy water, knelt my own maid in her cap and apron. It flashed into my mind that she and the coachman had gone mad with love of each other, and that the poor girl was about to drown herself before my eyes. I would have shrieked; but my maid at that moment rose to her feet, and, without noticing me, smiled the blood-curdling smile of JOHN the coachman and ran wildly away.

How I reached the house I never knew. As I sank into my chair I heard steps in the hall, and the voice of my maid, broken with a sort of dreadful glee, "Cook, they were black, and slimy,

CHANGE IS REST;
Or, Two Sides of Human Nature.

CHEAPSIDE.



SEASIDE.

and horrible; I believe they are wriggling in my hair!"

I retired that night more shaken than I have been since the loss of my dear husband. Next morning, after a night divided between hideous dreams of combats with maniacs and waking plans for the speedy dismissal of my unfortunate servants, I sat at my scarcely tasted breakfast by the open French window leading onto the terrace walk. The gardener's little son was coming towards the house, and had no sooner

reached my window than he dashed his cap on the gravel path, threw himself down beside it, and in a few moments (to my intense horror) jumped up with a ghastly childish edition of that appalling smile. Then he shouted with a fiendish gladness to his father at work on some distant border, "I've got it all right, father; but it's sticking its claws into my hand! Need I put it in my pocket?"

The Rector has just called. He tells me that this village is affiliated to the "Nature-Study League," and that that accounts for my terrific experiences. Heaven be praised!



A QUESTION OF BALANCE.

Bobby. "PAPA, LET US TWO GO AND HAVE A GAME, LIKE THOSE TWO BOYS!"

FIGURES OF SPEECH.—Mr. Punch cannot help feeling that a nicer restraint should be used by journalists in reporting upon the costume of celebrities. Thus, the *Scotsman* represents Mr. CALDWELL (who appeared at the Coronation ceremony in simple morning dress), as being "naked and not ashamed." And a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, recognising Lord KITCHENER's "unmistakable" appearance in mufti afar off at the Naval Review, describes him as being "independent of costume or uniform."